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000 She had not been long at home when the Copper-Islanders decided to give a "play," as was the custom. To this celebration the people of Bering and Rat Islands were invited. These plays were held in a large barabara built for this particular purpose. When all were assembled, the villages took turns in dancing and singing. As a rule, the songs were improvised on the spur of the moment, and consisted chiefly of a sing-song recital, illustrated by gestures, of the important happenings in that particular village since the last "play." The Bering-Islanders sang of the loss of their man, and the sorrow it caused to his relatives, especially his wife. She was present and listened; and when she could restrain herself no longer, she, loosening her hair, rushed into the middle of the hall, and began to sing. With the help of her gestures, she sang and acted the whole tragic drama, — the invitation, the berry-picking, the murder, the disposition of the corpse, — leaving out nothing, and concluding by giving the reasons for the deed and her bitter disappointment.

The chiefs at once sent several men to Bering Island, who returned with the head of the murdered man, found where she had described. Her guilt being certain, the married men and women gathered again in the dance-hall to deal with the murderess. The head was placed in the centre, and around it the guilty woman danced, sang, and acted her degenerate story from beginning to end. When she had finished, the men undressed her completely, and tied her to a post near to the dead head, which faced her. Then they began to kill her slowly, first cutting off her breasts; and in the same deliberate and cruel manner they proceeded to cut off other parts of the body, especially the more sensitive. Every piece of flesh cut off was placed on the head of the man. It is said that she lived even after her intestines were removed, and until her heart was touched. While she was being unmercifully butchered, not a tear or complaint escaped her. So long as she could sing, she was heard to say, "I killed him for my lover. I lost both of them. Do what you please with me."

F. A. Golder.

Boston, Mass.

115 Papago Coyote Tales. — The following Coyote tales were told by Juan Dolores.

539 *Coyote.* — Tsi'ihŏ came out after the Flood before Coyote, and is therefore the older brother of Coyote and the people. When Coyote was young, the people grew jealous of him and tried to kill him. In consequence he went through many dangers, suffered heat and cold, hunger and thirst, but finally married. He then retired from ăctivity and took up his abode in a beautiful spot in the east. His experiences and escapes gave Coyote wisdom and knowledge, and many people came to him for advice and information about the future. From these people he received presents when they profited from his instruction. Thus he lived at ease with his wife and son.

This son Coyote brought up carefully, attempting to prepare him for the difficulties of his life. But the young Coyote never grew wise or brave, nor was he a good hunter. His only good features were that he was handsome and a good runner. But he thought himself wise, refused to listen to his father any longer, and would not believe what the people told who visited his father. Life soon became too commonplace for him, and he decided to visit the four corners of the earth.

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539 So the young Coyote left home and went among strange people. His appearance and his father's name won him friendship; but he was foolish and unhandy, and soon found himself in trouble. Ashamed, he went elsewhere. But wherever he came, he lost the friendship of the people through some foolishness of his own, and was compelled to go on. After many exciting dangers, he returned home no wiser than he had started out. Tear-marks were under his eyes, and his tail hung low. His whole appearance showed that he had been having hard times. His house was empty, and no one could tell him where his family was gone. He nosed along the road from village to village, looking for them. At last, hungry and thirsty and in sorrow, he lay down in the shade to review his past life.

From beginning to end everything had been hard. Everywhere he had met misfortune. Looking into the future, he saw his dead body lying by the road. The birds were eating his flesh, and there was no one to mourn for him. As he lay thus, thinking he was about to die, a new thought came to him. He remembered many a sweet piece of meat hung within his reach in the villages near by. To steal was the precious thought. Once more Coyote braced himself, and determined to try this new way of living. That night he stole the meat of his neighbors; and to-day he goes from village to village, stealing, and living much easier than when he used to hunt deer from morning till night.

Some of Coyote's Adventures. — A short time after Coyote married, he became careless about his appearance, and grew sleepy, lazy, and indifferent. There came a time when he had to provide for four children. To hunt deer was hard work, so he and his wife went about visiting relatives. When they were given food, they always called the children, so that they could eat too. The women said many ugly things about them, and these finally reached the ears of his wife. One night she became enraged at what was told her. She ordered Coyote to hunt. She refused to continue begging, and said, unless he decided to provide for her and the children, she would return to her father. Coyote's pride was touched at being ordered about by a woman, and being spoken to in such harsh terms.

In the morning he went out. He said, "I will not chase deer all day. I will kill birds or little beasts, for any meat is sweet when one is hungry. I will play my tricks and catch game."

He walked along and soon came within sight of a flock of quail. He commenced singing a song something like —

"Little quail, what are you thinking about, flying away so quickly?"

This song he repeated until all but one quail had flown. He stopped singing then, and said, —

"That is good, one is left. I shall catch it and make a meal of it."

He set about his self-imposed task, caught and devoured the bird, well satisfied with a good meal.

For a time he rested, and then went leisurely along until he came to a grassy valley. There he came on a gathering, and sang a song, as follows: —

"Little rats, little rats,
There you are running,
One stumbles and falls,
It is crippled and cannot run."

In this way Coyote is enabled to catch a rat. But not satisfied with one as

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a meal, he repeats the luring chant three times more, and each time successfully catches food. On four rats he has fed this time, satisfied his hunger, and goes on. 539

He leaves the valley and climbs the mountain. There he comes to a cave which is full of flies. He tells them, "Flies, you are making fun of me."

They answer, "No, uncle, we are singing because we are glad to see you. We need some help. Panther comes here to sleep. When he goes to sleep, if any one by accident touches his whiskers, he wakes up, growls, paws over the cave, and kills many of us."

The flies, knowing Coyote, are ready to trick him, and instead of a song of welcome, they hum, and ask Coyote to dance. The dance excites Coyote and makes him dizzy. During the singing and dancing, Coyote is asked continually not to forget to lend his aid in killing Panther. The words fascinate him, and he helps chant the verses.

"Flies, flies,
Are closing up the cave,
Closing up the cave.
Whoever flies out
Must keep a straight path,
For the opening is narrowing."

He is unable to distinguish how their numbers lessen, and how, at the end of each rhythmic bar, several flies escape through the narrow opening, until the last one wings his way out, leaving only a little air-hole.

Only when the last fly is gone, and the victim is left alone, does he come face to face with the fact that he has been unaware of all that transpired about him, and that he is inclosed in the cave. He is compelled to wait for Panther, and hopes to be released unharmed on the plea of relationship.

Panther comes. Seeing the cave closed up except for a little air-hole, he looks in and sees Coyote, his uncle, — his mother's brother. Anger overcomes him, and he accuses Coyote of having closed the cave. He roars and paws the ground, and in his rage breaks into the cave, catches Coyote, and is about to kill him. Coyote begs to live a moment longer. He wants to pray to Tsi'ihŏ to care for his wife and his children. He tells his nephew, —

"Listen until you hear a whistle. Then rush behind the brush and kill me quickly."

Coyote then goes behind a bush, making a pretence of prayer. On his way he catches a ground-squirrel, and carries him to a safe hiding-place. After some moments he buries the squirrel upright in the ground. Coyote then says, "Be quiet, I will return." He runs off, and escapes. The little squirrel remains quiet for some time, then becomes restless and wishes to free himself from the ground. He is unable to effect it himself. In ground-squirrel fashion, he emits his call, which is like a low whistle. This attracts Panther, who follows the sound, and to his astonishment sees the embedded squirrel. He roars, "What are you doing here?" In a feeble trembling voice the squirrel explains. Panther is satisfied, and the squirrel is turned loose.

After all this escapade, Coyote gets thirsty. He looks for water. He comes to a dried-up pond. In a crack in the mud is a cricket singing a song. Coyote thinks the cricket is making fun of him, and decides to look for the little chirper, but it is a vain endeavor. He is about to turn away. This encourages the cricket, which again sings, this time in truth making fun of the trickster.

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539 In one verse he ridicules his eyes because they are all tear-stained. In the second he makes fun of his tail, which is scraggy and turned downward, instead of as in early youth, thick, bushy, and carried erect. Gleefully the cricket continues his song. Coyote, not able to resist the temptation, returns to seek the mocker anew. Again thwarted, he determines not to turn again, but to continue his way into the valley.

He walks along listlessly, and unobservant that it has rained and snowed in the high mountains, and that the water is rushing down into the valley. He walks along drowsily and tired, heedless of the fact that the water is about to overtake him. Suddenly he looks around, and to his consternation sees what is happening. In haste he climbs a tree and sits waiting for the waters to recede. While he is perched there, a Crane flies into a neighboring tree. Gleefully the bird sings, —

"It is going down,
It is going down,
It is getting less,
It is getting less,
It has gone down."

To prove that such is the fact, each time that he comes to the word "down," he stretches out his foot and brings up some mud to show that the water is receding. Coyote repeats the bird's song, and imitates the action. Having shorter legs, and being in a higher tree, his efforts are of no avail, and he remains treed. When the water is low enough, the Crane steps down and invites his neighbor to do likewise. Unwilling to be taunted, Coyote accepts the invitation. But the water is still high and the current strong, and he is carried along with the stream. He is almost drowned. He calls for help. Out of sheer pity the Crane comes to his rescue and carries him ashore. Coyote thanks him, and explains that the accident is due to the Crane's having longer legs than he.

Many insincere thanks are spoken by Coyote to his rescuer, and he says, "Since you have saved my life, I will try to do something good for you some of these days."

Henriette Rothschild Kroeber.

000 Two South-African Tales. *Tink-Tinkje.*[1] — The birds wanted a king. Men have a king, so have animals, and why should n't they? All had assembled.

"The Ostrich, because he is the largest," one called out.
"No, he can't fly."
"Eagle, on account of his strength."
"Not he, he is too ugly."
"Vulture, because he can fly the highest."
"No, Vulture is too dirty, his odor is terrible."
"Peacock, he is so beautiful."
"His feet are too ugly, and also his voice."
"Owl, because he can see well."
"Not Owl, he is ashamed of the light."

[1] A South-African bird-story, translated from the Dutch. The tink-tinkje is a bird belonging to the Finches. It is commonly known in South Africa as Tink-tinkie, more on account of its chirp than its small size.